

# Political Vendetta

WELDON J. COBB

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Hope sprang to the gap, stretched, to stay his speeding foot, but Kane had vanished. Peering past the edge of the broken balcony floor, he saw Kane go feet foremost down past the side-walk and through a window arch, with a cane copied.

The fall was a full twenty feet.

"Has he escaped me—killed?" cried Hope. The thought rushed to him to quicken action. He swung back to the window, upsetting an obtruding politician, whose attention had been attracted by the noise of the scuffle in the precipitancy of his rush.

Through the room, down a staircase and out to the street Hope hurried. He reached the spot where he had seen Kane disappear. He stared down the dark aperture, then called:

"You—Kane!"

No response. He knelt and dared a Lucifer. Its rays showed a shallow dip, faced only by the barred cellar window.

"Gone."

Elated, baffled, Hope sprang to his feet and glared around the spot, piercing the distance with such furious glance of a tiger thrown from the trail.

It was presumable it was certain—Kane had sustained a light fall, had been stantly recovered his wits and had climbed out of the window area and escaped.

Whither?

Hope ran twenty feet in one direction, then in another, then in a third, then in a fourth. His fingers tore the air—he was on fire with chagrin and fury. Abruptly he focussed the contending emotions that distracted his usually keen wits to a reasonable but rapid estimate of the situation.

He had alarmed—had warned—his enemy. Kane's one thought now would be of flight, of hiding. He was beguiled, discredited; the friends he had dragged down to ruin would be friends no longer.

Hope could think out his probable course. First, money—then, distance. Would he baffle vengeance? Oh, never, never!

Kane parted the crowd in the street without ceremony. He reached a more quiet side thoroughfare. An empty cab came dashing around the corner, driver fresh for his night's work, the seat attached rattled and ready for speed.

In a minute Hope was inside, brief, exact orders given to the cab driver. The vehicle became a thing of flight.

## CHAPTER XII.

Inside of the hour Hope made three calls—all disappearing ones. To the elegant apartments occupied in the past by the arch-swindler, to the home of his chief and confederate, to a club where both sometimes spent their evenings.

He got trace of the company president. He was with some choice friends, drowning fear and dejection in strong drink. With him Hope had nothing to do, so he continued his search, but he gained no conclusive trace of the man he sought.

He knew the machinery of the law well, from past criminal experience, and besides had a hundred—aye, a thousand—ready riders whom he could rely on—recruit assistants in the political and lawless fight so hard to win, and which now seemed as a battle, a mere bubble to him.

The first reckless fever of triumph and hope had changed, however, he no longer trusted the aid of immediate public denunciation of his enemy. A slow, refined method of meeting out his vengeance appealed to him, and he considered only personally securing the fugitive again, secretly arraigning him, obtaining deeper detailed confession and positive, conclusive statements as to his whereabouts.

"I must find him," Kane—before the night is through," decided Hope. "Where he is hidden? What is his course? Free—the fight is lost! I acted with rash precipitancy, but the temptation was strong. Patience, Everett—my murdered brother! Ten years and so many days in all those years! Yet all sworn to this climax! Patience, the hour has surely come!"

But precious time had already gone by and Kane had not been found. Every minute at least this meant golden time to perfect his plans for security for the fugitive. Finally an inspiration seized Hope. "The miles!" he said, swiftly, and the driver, appraised, started his horse's head in a new direction.

The works were not in operation. Here and there presented evidences of light and action, but only to a degree indicating the necessary means of keeping important steam and blast essential in shape for the morrow. The election had caused a general stoppage of labor, and as Hope needed the mile at a furious rate of speed, the grim, black outlines of stacks and bunkers were ghastly suggestive of the ruin brooding over the doomed enterprise.

His body thrilled in the swaying vehicle and his eyes lit up, as sharply warning every part of the structure where the general offices were located, he made out a certain speck of light.

It was in the single room built immediately to the private headquarters of the executive. A quick trigger, a keen nose, inspired the trailer. It was quite natural that Kane should come hither. Some papers there were yet on hand to seize, some incriminating documents, doubtless, to destroy before the morning. Kane was making craft, and signaling a stop in an avenue formed by towering heaps of pig iron, Hope leaped to the ground.

"Wait for me here," he ordered the cab driver.

"All right, sir."

Hope sped forward. He was yet a little ways from the mills proper, but he judged it best to approach with caution. There was a labyrinth of crisscrossing lanes and roads to pursue, and suddenly, as he emerged into the main cinder path, that out the factory expanse due south and north, he very nearly ran under the feet of two grunting steers drawing a closed carriage.

He glanced back in time to save himself, though the vehicle guards quite grazed his body. Inside he made out a single occupant of the carriage—a man.

"Not Kane?" he reflected rapidly, "but someone on a mission of urgency. Sent for? Yes!"

Strong in this conviction, Hope hastened forward. He was soon lining the side of the building he had in view. The carriage was no longer in sight. It had probably cut around to the main front entrance. His steps went on, clear and sure, as he moved to the rear of the building, and immediately he resolved to gain its vicinity by special and original means.

For too many long, watchful weeks had that nest of luxury and scheming known the untiring cynosure of Gideon Hope, that he should not now know its environment and every available outside approach. His motive at present, clear and simple, was to speedily reach the vicinity

Now, he himself was baffled. Steel bars light but strong, covered the inside with down frame. He had known of their existence previously, but in the excitement of the past few moments had scarcely been consciously aware of the formidable barrier they presented.

"Who is this?" stared the astounded cashier.

"The money!" pleaded Kane, white and fear-filled.

"No!" cried Hope. "Hold him off till I—"

He seized the bars, shook them vainly, and gritted his teeth in futile desperation.

"The money!" persisted Kane, now pressing upon the cashier in a certain menacing way.

"Listen!" spoke Hope hotly, calling through the bars: "this man has deceived you. He has no thought of redeeming the trust—he is seeking only to fly, leaving ruin behind him, and you will be involved if you perfect this transaction. Be warned! He is a criminal, a fugitive, a murderer!"

Blankly the cashier stared at this weirdly appearing, impressive accuser.

"The money, I tell you! I will have it!" snarled Kane.

Frenzy, murder, was in his reckless eyes. He fairly leaped upon the cashier.

"What this man says"—debated the cashier, staring at the formidable disposition of the money package.

"Lies!"

"The truth!" thundered Hope. "You, sir—strike him back! Your money is lost, if he secures it!"

"Give it up!" howled Kane repulsed, and seizing from a table a heavy ornamental ruler.

It was a sample of the metal product of the mills, and deadly as the blade of a high-waiver.

He lifted it. The bar whistled through the air, descended. There was a sickening crash, as, springing blood from a frightened cash in the forehead, the unfortunate bank cashier toppled backward over a chair, carrying it to ruin, and slinking with a groan senseless to the floor.

Kane stooped over him, tore the package of money from his still spasmodically clenched hand, cast a last startled glance at the face and form at the window, and dashed from the room.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XIII

Kane bore the appearance of a man in a frightful state of mental incertitude and excitement. The high strain of tremendous thoughts obliterated all his customary steadiness of glance and bearing, and every act was spasmodic.

He had just welcomed to the room the occupant of the carriage. Hope had noted this person centered the watcher's immediate attention. Hope recognized him as the cashier of the principal bank, Kane guessed his mission, grimly decided he had come upon the scene fortuitously.

"I called you up," he distinctly heard Kane say.

"You roused me out of bed," answered the other. His glance took in Kane gravely and anxiously. "What's up, now?" he continued.

"I sent for you as a friend," said Kane, in a pithy and falling tone.

"Very well—I come as a friend," retorted the other.

"But I initiated business, further—"

"I am prepared for that also," observed the bank cashier.

He placed a hand beyond the buttoned lapels of his coat, half withdrawn, wholly replaced again, a bulky, oblong package.

Kane eyed it curiously, and with immense aspiration of relief, of joy, escaped his lips.

"Friend, indeed!" he cried, effusively grasping and wringing the hand of the other. "Worth, it's life or death for the Trust! It was a queer message to send to a man—in the dead of night, but there was no other way. See here—we are in deep waters!"

"I know that, of course," observed the cashier. "But I estimated you knew your business. You telephoned me to get two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash—"

"And you have them?"

"Two hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars—yes!"

The cashier's face flamed with gladness and sinister triumph.

"Now, what is your proposition?" resumed the cashier.

"Simply this: As I say, we are at the limit with that money. I can hurry to Pittsburgh, may be able to make a turn that saves us. You have pretty nearly everything tangible we've got in the way of securities. I propose to turn over to you, in addition to what I'll show you I esteem this friendly act of yours."

He turned to the vault. Click—click! His nimble fingers sent the disc spinning, came for me, and blindly I obey you, though—oh! the woe of it—I have gone to become Percy Kane's wife!"

"The bonds and stocks of the executive," he explained, "the bonds and stocks of the executive, I turn them in as collateral, trusting you absolutely."

The man of money was fairly amazed. He stood staring down at the securities in the vault.

"Kane," he said, a flush of genuine pleasure and emotion on his face, "this is generous! Of course, only considered as giving us absolute control of everything. The security valid, but it shows you don't intend to leave a friend like myself in the lurch if anything happens, eh?"

"Never!" spontaneously asserted the other, his eyes gleaming. "I realize the vast treachery this transaction meditated towards his confederates in the trust."

Nearer to the ventilating slit in the window frame Gideon Hope pressed his face. With burning glance he viewed the contents of the tin box gone over, the cashier examined the bonds and stock it contained. The flush on his face showed that he was satisfied with the security offered, but he was slow and methodical, and the impatient Kane, watching him covertly, frequently wetted his dry, parched lips with his tongue, and panted quite, and often started at the slightest strange outside noise.

Hope noted Kane's eyes, his nostrils, his rustled like a ferret. He stole out a hand trembling from excitement, to seize the coveted money.

At that moment Gideon Hope restrained himself no longer.

"Hold!" he cried. Both men started—the cashier in clear amazement profound, Kane as though a voice from the grave—or the rostrum of justice—had challenged him.

Hope pressed on one window frame, but could not move it from the outside. This commotion at once centered the attention of the two occupants of the room.

"What's that?" sharply demanded the cashier.

"Give me the money!" breathed Kane; "the wind, some drunken workman. Hurry up, Will! I'm due to make quick train connections."

He would have snatched the cashier's hand and the precious package it held unconsciously from his breast, but the latter forcibly pressed him back.

"Hold on—let us investigate this queer occurrence," Worried indeed—"hears!"

Crash! clatter—Hope had precipitated a fatal climax. He could not retrieve the cash. Tearing the soft flexible cap from his head, he twisted one hand inside of it, and his fingers thus guarded, dealt a smashing blow at upper light of glass.

It shattered to brittle nothingness. It rained inside the room in noisy, scintillating fragments. Framed in this prismatic shower, he stood resolutely—a dreadful prospect to Kane, a source of vivid stupefaction for the bewildered bank cashier.

"Don't give that man the money!" mandatorily shouted Hope.

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(To be continued.)

OREGON GAME DISAPPEARING.

Wild Birds and Animals Ruthlessly Slaughtered by

After spending two months in the lake region of Southeastern Oregon investigating conditions and studying bird and animal life in that locality, Herman T. Bohman and William L. Finley returned to Portland Sunday night. These two ethnologists have been working in the interests of the Audubon Society, whose purpose is to protect and to preserve the wild birds and animals in this State, says the Portland Oregonian.

"Our trip was full of hardships, especially while we were on the lakes," said Mr. Finley. "I believe there are to-day less than 3,000 antelope in our State. Their destruction has been rapid. The antelope is an animal well equipped by nature, but he cannot hold his own against the invasion of new settlers. In a few years the last of the herd will be gone and the antelope in Oregon will be extinct. The mountain sheep also is practically extinct in Oregon. I know of a small band still found in the Stein mountains, in the southern part of Harney County, but it numbers only five ewes and three rams.

"Among the native wild birds the snowy heron has suffered most. It is practically extinct in this State because for years it has been sought by the plume hunter. The only two colonies in the State we have known of were in Klamath County and on Lake Malheur. Both of these were annihilated years ago. For more than a month we cruised Malheur lake in a small boat hunting for the remnants of these snow-white birds. In all that time we saw only two snow-white herons. I doubt if more than two dozen of the birds are to be found in the State, while in the '30s one of the plume hunters made more than \$1,200 in a day and a half 'shooting up' the colony."

"From the sportsman's standpoint the sage grouse, or sage hen, is a good game bird, but their numbers are falling off rapidly. They can never hold their own like the Chinese pheasant or even the quail or the sooty or blue grouse."

"We have found several new and interesting birds that we do not meet with in our previous work. The bobolink, for instance, is a common resident of Harney County and sings as sweetly as in a New England meadow. The cowbird and the eastern kingbird we found all through that section of the State. We also found a colony of white-throated sparrows breeding in a hut at Lake Malheur. This is a rare bird for our State, and the colony we found is the only one we know of in Oregon."

"On the whole, Malheur lake is the greatest feeding and breeding ground for water fowl of the Pacific coast. I doubt if its equal exists anywhere in the United States."

His Wife.

The agent stepped briskly up to Mr. Meekly's desk and laid a small article close to his right hand.

"I have here a new letter opener," he said, "a handsome article to be kept on the table in your library, say, and—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Meekly, without turning his head, "but I have already the best letter opener, and the quickest."

"How long have you had it?" persisted the agent. "You know there are constant improvements always being introduced."

"Mine couldn't be improved," responded the gentleman. "I've had her for about two years now—anniversary of the wedding next month!"—Stray Stories.

Have You Seen Her?

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"One without diplomacy."

"Without diplomacy?"

"Yes, she will argue with an iceman about the size of the lump until it all melts away and there is only a wet spot on the sunny sidewalk."

No Comparison.

Mrs. Hatterson—I engaged three cooks in one day, and not one of them came.

Mrs. Catterson—I had worse luck. I did the same and they all came.—Life.

Good, Then.

"Is your husband a good after-dinner speaker?"

"No, but you ought to hear him talk before dinner, if it's five minutes later."

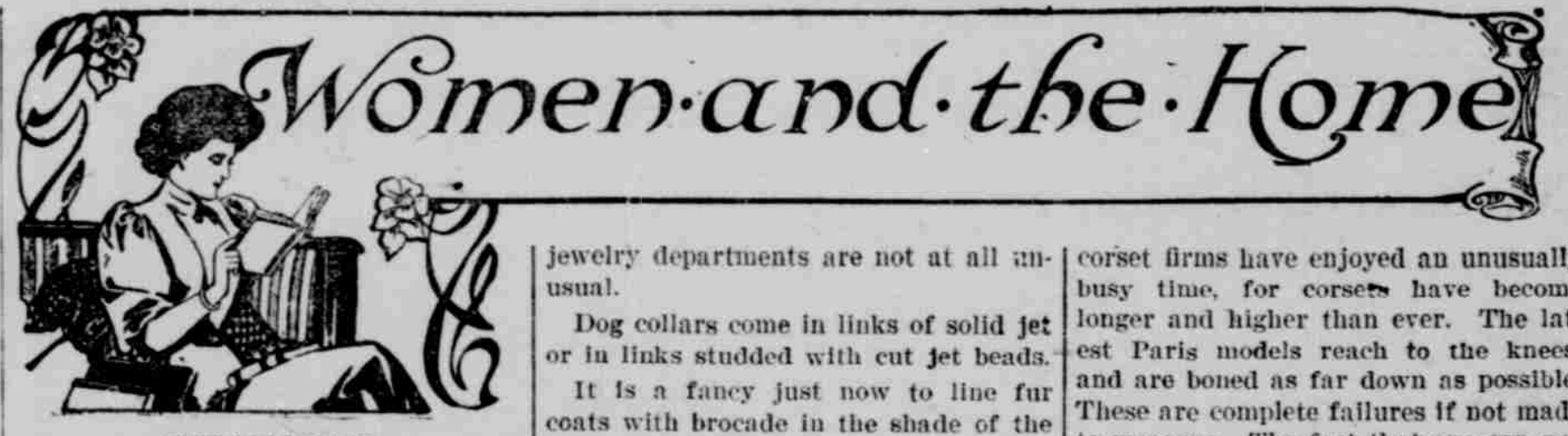
—Detroit Free Press.

Different Viewpoints.

Said She—I always enjoy meeting a man with a history.

Said He—I don't. My office boy has strict orders not to admit book agents.

A hundred will help you know where one will help you please.



Cooking Without a Fire.

The hay box, or fireless cooker, can no longer be regarded as an experiment. Thousands are in practical use in private homes and the government carries them on all marching expeditions. These cookers may be made at home, and it will packed with insulating material give good results.

The construction of this cooker is simple. The packing box should be about four inches larger in every direction than the vessel used. The vessel should be of tin or enamel, with a tight cover. Line the box with several thicknesses of paper or asbestos. Spread over the bottom a thick layer of hay, crumpled newspaper, or similar material, tightly packed. The cooking vessel is placed on the center of this and the spaces between it and the sides of the box packed tight with hay or other material. A thick cushion or pad of proper size should be made to cover the top of the can, and a wooden cover for the top of the box is necessary.

Vegetables or meats to be cooked are first placed in water and brought to a boiling point; when they are removed put the vessel into the cooker, put the

jewelry departments are not at all unusual.

Dog collars come in links of solid jet or in links studded with cut jet beads. It is a fancy just now to line fur coats with brocade in the shade of the skin.

Long, full wraps for evening and afternoon are made of old-fashioned brocade.

One fad is the employment of black chiffon with colored cloth and silk gowns.

Sets of box, muff and a fur toque to match, are to be the latest thing for winter.

It is not improbable, on account of the high collars of the new coats, that less will be seen of bosoms.

Tan shoes are more fashionable than ever before, and oze and suede are more popular than the calfskin.

Black net is placed over vests of bordered black chiffon and other material with such touches of color.

Beauty After Thirty.

Everything in creation reaches its perfection at maturity, and a woman is at her best when she becomes a woman. Knowledge, experience, poise, and all gifts of the years—between 25 and 40 a woman thinks more deeply, feels more deeply, and is more lovely than at any other time. The era of the giggling girl is gone; her passing is replaced by a more dignified and refined woman.

## STYLES SHOW TENDENCY TOWARD TIGHT FITTING AND TRAILING SKIRTS.



covers in position and the food will cook slowly but thoroughly without their attention. A fowl, for example, put into the vessel after having been boiled for ten minutes will, after ten hours in the cooker, be most delicately cooked.

Stylish Evening Hat.

A magnificent creation of white beeline, whose wide brim is edged with a band of black chiffon velvet, and trimmed inside of that with narrow white soutache braid put on in design. On top there is a group of handsome white and black ostrich tips. A hat of this sort is lovely for wear with décolleté frocks.

Model Husband Test.

Chicago contains at least twelve women who believe they have model husbands, and they do not use the term model as meaning a small imitation of the real thing. They had an exhibition the other day at which the husbands proved their right to the title. The final supreme test was given when the men were called upon to fasten a twenty-four-button embroidered waist; the waist was doctored put on a wooden dummy, so that the men might be in no way embarrassed. Two of the husbands fastened the waist in two minutes and seven seconds without pulling off a single button or tearing any of the embroidery. They will have to enter into a subsequent contest to discover who is the modeliest model husband of the lot.

Things Have Changed.

No longer do a ring, a thimble, and a piece of money answer for a fortune-telling cake for girls. No, indeed! The day is long past when marriage, spinsterhood and rich inheritance were the only careers open to this sex. A twentieth century cake must have a tiny glass bottle standing for either a doctor or a trained nurse, a little china doll meaning a teacher, and as many other symbols as the ingenuity of the hostess may devise.

The Modern Sylph.

Since the demand for figures of sylph-like proportions, the numerous

ugly mark which is not difficult to remove is a mole. It is unsightly, and not a gay or a girl, but with little attention it should disappear in a short time. The following remedy is harmless, and is used on the mole until it disappears. Take salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and bind around the mole for a half hour. The acid will eat away the morbid tissue. At each application it will become smaller, and it should disappear after the third application.

Tea for Every One.

A tea that every one enjoys. Hospitality for the light-hearted. . . . Hilarity for a worldly woman. . . . Vanity for church members. . . . Christianity for poor people. . . . Poverty for stout people. . . . Chastity for stout people. . . . Obedience for a worldly woman. . . . Anxiety for a worldly woman. . . . Reality for the sedate. . . . Sobriety for angels. . . . Purity for angels.

Corn Meal Cleanses Net.

Now that Brussels net is much worn it is well to be reminded that it can be most satisfactorily cleaned by rubbing it with corn meal. Place the garment to be cleaned in a bag with plenty of meal and shake it frequently. Let it remain in the meal for a day and then shake out thoroughly and let it air. If one bath is not sufficient, the experiment should be repeated.

Rush Bottom Chairs.

It is quite the fashion now to have mahogany or dark oak chairs with woven rush bottoms. These are durable and effective, and are widely used for dining room, sitting room and men's dens.

Voluminous pompons and rosettes of clipped ostrich and gourd feathers have become a perfect craze.

HEALTH BEAUTY

Tight clothes and indigestion cause red noses.

A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep.

High-heeled boots are known to cause spinal complaints.

A little salt under the tongue will stop nose bleeding.

A raw egg swallowed will detach a fishbone in the throat.

Sleep with the window well open and you will awake brisk.

The yolk of an egg broken up in rose water is a trusty shampoo.

If people laughed more they would be happier and healthier.

Salt on fingers when cleaning towels, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

Don't eat your meals quickly; this causes indigestion and a red nose.

Headache will often yield to a foot bath without other treatment. Try it.

Equal quantities of lemon juice, is-terline and glycerine make an excellent mouth wash.

A little vinegar added to butter and

Satin bands and buttons are freely used for tailor-mades.

One of the novelties of the season is cloth for evening wear.

The American Beauty waistcoat adds a smart touch to a black coat suit.

It is a noticeable feature of the girdles that they all fasten at the side.

Single buttons at prices current in

One fad is the employment of black chiffon with colored cloth and silk gowns.

Sets of box, muff and a fur toque to match, are to be the latest thing for winter.

It is not improbable, on account of the high collars of the new coats, that less will be seen of bosoms.

Tan shoes are more fashionable than ever before, and oze and suede are more popular than the calfskin.

Black net is placed over vests of bordered black chiffon and other material with such touches of color.

Every night the housewife should rub cold cream into the base of her nails. To avoid the injurious effects of swamping and dusting she should always wear gloves.

Wash the face in tepid water, rub the skin thoroughly with a Turkish towel and apply a solution of three ounces of cologne and half an ounce of liquor of potash. Follow this with a liquid soap bath.

The three "R's" of the worker should be Regularity, Rest and Recreation. Spasmodic habits, never letting up and not knowing how and when to play, have killed more business women than all their hard work.

Wesley Dunham, aged 89 years and formerly mayor of Anderson, is suffering from a peculiar ailment. A few days ago he was bitten on the hand by a common house fly, from which blood poisoning has developed and has spread throughout his system, causing serious illness with the "side of it."

While William Jones, a farmer near Princeton, was using an emery wheel it burst and a piece cut through his chin and lips. The bone of the chin was cut through to the neck. He has a bare chance for recovery.

Norman Krider, Burt Glinger, Bartlett and Manny Stiffer, four Elkhardt boys, inflamed with nickel novelties and cigarettes, were caught breaking into Loko Shore cars in the Goshen yards. When pursued by the police they made a fort of a box car and fought the police. Krider was caught and squawked.

# REVIEW OF INDIANA

The 18-month-old child of Roy Maxwell and wife, of Dan, is dead of strychnine poisoning. The child found the poison in a sewing machine drawer and was dead before the physician arrived.

The large two-story frame house owned by Lige Rumble and occupied by C. L. McDaniell, near Petersburg, caught fire from a defective flue and was burned with contents. Loss, \$1,800; no insurance.

Miss Luella Posey, daughter of County Clerk W. A. Posey, and Arthur L. Yakey, a traction line conductor, were married last week by the Rev. J. C. Beck, of Arlington, at the bride's home, west of Rushville.

For operating a "blind tiger" in La Grange—selling liquor illegally—Douglas Hedlin, of Kendallville, was fined \$50 and costs in three cases—a total of \$175.45—and four additional cases against the man were continued.

While playing in the room where his mother was doing the family washing, Everett, the 4-year-old son of Mrs. Mary Mullis, of Union, fell head first into a tub of boiling water. The child was badly burned about the face and body and its recovery is doubtful.

Miss Minnie Mounce fell down a stairway into the basement at her home in Princeton and was seriously injured, several bones being broken. Three weeks ago Mrs. Eliza Coleman, the aged grandmother of the victim, fell down the same stairway and was killed.

John Moody, a DeKalb County farmer near Spencer, is suffering from a peculiar affliction. In August last he was stung by a bee on the back of his neck, and in less than ten minutes he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which completely disabled his right side. Early in November he went into convulsions and has not been able to speak a word up to this time.

Christian Easterday, aged 79 years, one of the pioneer residents of Portland, has never had a barber's razor on his face. He now wears a snow-white beard. When a young man he shaved himself, but he has not shaved himself since Washington's birthday in 1862. Two days later, on his thirty-third birthday, he enlisted in the Union army, serving for three years and ten days. Since that time he has allowed his beard to grow.

The bones of a mammoth mastodon have been found on the farm of Thompson Deiler, four miles north of Ashley. Deiler discovered the ancient monster while at work on Deiler's farm. Mr. Deiler has been daily besieged with curiosity seekers and many who wanted to purchase it. He has refused all offers to sell, he wants to preserve himself. He has placed it in his cellar to prevent vandals from destroying it.

William Bristow, northwest of Donovan, bought a new buggy and took it home. While Bristow was eating dinner a turkey gobbler passed the buggy, and seeing his reflection in the side of the highly varnished buggy box, attacked him furiously. Bristow, who came out, the gobbler had scratched all of the varnish off one side of the buggy and was moving around to begin hostilities on the other side. The gobbler was eaten at dinner the next day.

Longing for home and though suffering with the fatal disease of lung trouble in its last and most distressing stage, Myrtle Shuler, aged 17, bravely undertook the ride from Hendricks County to the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Shuler, near Wakeland. But she was too weak, and died on the way when she was within one half hour's ride of her home. She had been suffering from lung trouble for more than a year and had been away from home for treatment.

Heister Culp, a hunter and trapper of near Walsboro, is hunting rabbits with an old firearm. The gun was a flintlock of the old-time pattern, and Nathan McCormack carried it through the war with England in 1812. McCormack settled near Walsboro and died about twenty-five years ago at the age of nearly 100 years. Culp says McCormack told him he bought the gun second-hand, so it must be considerably over 100 years old. It has been changed from a muzzle to a more modern weapon, and now it shoots well. The barrel is four feet long.

Members of the Improved Order of Red Men at Noblesville gave their annual rabbit supper last week. One hundred and eighty-seven rabbits were slaughtered for the feast. The menu also included 433 mice, pies, 315 pumpkin pies and seventy-nine gallons of sack milk for coffee. Seven hundred members of the lodge were seated at the tables. Addresses were made by Judge Christian, Auditor-elect George Griffin, W. R. Fertig, Capt. T. J. Gray and others. Over 100 large baskets of pies and meat were left and these were distributed among the poor people of the city.

George Myers, an old-time trapper and fisherman of Elwood, sent to President Roosevelt a snow-white stork, which the hunter found in the swamps adjacent to "White river," south of Perkinsville.

Mrs. Lou Stagle, for the past three years stenographer for the law firm of Marshall, McNagly & Clugston, 21 Columbia City, has been appointed stenographer to Governor-elect Marshall and will have a place at Indianapolis during his term.

John Stout is the second of the quartet indicted for the murder of Columbus Croft, marshal, at Woodburn, on July 7, 1907, to be convicted and sentenced for life. The jury returned its verdict after having been out only forty-five minutes.

Wesley Dunham, aged 89 years and formerly mayor of Anderson, is suffering from a peculiar ailment. A few days ago he was bitten on the hand by a common house fly, from which blood poisoning has developed and has spread throughout his system, causing serious illness with the "side of it."

While William Jones, a farmer near Princeton, was using an emery wheel it burst and a piece cut through his chin and lips. The bone of the chin was cut through to the neck. He has a bare chance for recovery.

Norman Krider, Burt Glinger, Bartlett and Manny Stiffer, four Elkhardt boys, inflamed with nickel novelties and cigarettes, were caught breaking into Loko Shore cars in the Goshen yards. When pursued by the police they made a fort of a box car and fought the police. Krider was caught and squawked.

Seventeen hundred hunters' licenses have been issued by the Vigo County clerk, which is greatly in excess of the number issued last year.

Nelson Foster, near Kendallville, was badly injured when the bell running a corn shredder broke and struck him, knocking him senseless.

The first hunters' license ever issued to a woman in Vanderburgh County has been granted Mrs. Theodore Pfeiffer, of Evansville. She is a crack shot, and has frequently taken part in clay pigeon shoots.

A divorce suit has been filed in the Adams Circuit Court at Decatur by Jennie Kirkwood for divorce from William Kirkwood. The couple were married in 1907 and neither was much over 60 years of age when the wedding took place. A son has been born of which the girl wife asks the custody.

"This horse and buggy belong to a liverman at Rochester, near the waterworks. Good-bye," was all that was written on a note found under a seat of a buggy that had been left at the Fishback livery barn at Peru recently, to let the local officers know that the horse and buggy had been stolen.

William R. Wright, of Muncie, has a young goose, more than half grown, that not only has four legs, but uses all four of them in locomotion. The bird was found in a state of starvation, and it is estimated there are not enough quail to go around if they should be distributed one to each hunter who has obtained a license.

The people of Saline City, Clay County, were thrown into a state of terror recently by an insane man, almost naked, appearing suddenly upon the streets there and running wildly about, chasing frightened men, women and children into their homes, where they barricaded their doors. The man was finally captured by the officers, and proved to be Charles Smith, of Terre Haute.

The seventieth anniversary of the marriage of David and Susanna Edwards was celebrated at Newcastle at the home of Arthur W. Swain. Thirty relatives of the aged couple were present. Mr. Edwards is 94 years old and his wife is 93. They were among the early settlers of Henry County, and were married seventy years ago in the Elva Grove meeting house, according to the Quaker form of service.

Messrs G. Donahue and B. W. Parker, trainmaster and chief train dispatcher, respectively, of the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railway Company, on coming to Milan to look after the water supply of the company, were surprised to find the big lake, which had been supposed would never fail, contained only sufficient water to meet the demand of a few more days. Arrangements were at once made to bring water to Milan from Cochran.

Herman and Herschel Merriek, accompanied by their dog, stopped at the store of James Turner, at Fierla. The boys were thirsty, so was the dog. They drank from the cup and then invited the dog to drink from the cup and the dog accepted the invitation. Mr. Turner saw the dog drinking from the cup and went out and slapped the boys' jaws and in Circuit Court he satisfied a judgment of \$5 and "trimmings" for each slap, one for Herman and one for Herschel.

Bob, the Boston terrier of M. Blickenstaff, a barber of Marion, died last week and after the body lay in state in a new and handsome coffin at the Blickenstaff home for two days it was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Blickenstaff to North Manchester, a distance of thirty-four miles, that the dog might find a last resting place in his native town. They had owned the dog two years and had become much attached to it.

During the month of November sixty-four marriage licenses were granted in Madison County. In the same month twenty-one divorce complaints were filed, but nearly twenty complaints were dismissed. Because of the dismissal of so many of the divorce complaints after they are on the court docket from one to three months there is a belief that the divorce laws are being resorted to as a club in settling disputes over property or other interests and that many plaintiffs file complaints with no real hope that they might win a decree or divorce.

While on her wedding trip in St. Louis, Mrs. Joe Scheidel, a prominent young lady of Mt. Vernon, died suddenly as a result of a rupture of a blood vessel. The couple were married last week.

The Fort Wayne Country Club was organized recently with Frank L. Smock as president, and C. D. Tillotson as secretary. The club has purchased the Young property, four miles southwest of Fort Wayne and will build a clubhouse, golf links, etc., next year.

Announcement was made at Indianapolis last week that the next exposition of international scope is planned to be held in Indianapolis between May and November, 1911. The project will be left in the hands of twenty leading business men of the city.

Apparently just because he was tired of living, George Bolten, aged 30, a prosperous farmer near Lipton, committed suicide last week by drinking carbolic acid. The man was in good financial condition, and enjoyed good health. His body was found in the barn with the bottle "the side of it."

That her husband spent on horses a fortune of over \$100,000 was alleged by Mrs. Emily Drybrough in a suit for divorce against Robert Drybrough, a veterinary surgeon of Evansville.

Fred Young, paroled from the Indiana Reformatory, July 25 last, to a farmer in Gibson County, has voluntarily returned to the institution, walking 120 miles to do so. He gave as his reason the fear that he would transgress some of the rules of his parole and thereby render himself liable to recommitment.